

Exhibit 79

OUT OF THIS WORLD

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FANTASTIC
DIFFERENT

No. 6

OUT OF THIS WORLD

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢

UNUSUAL

STRANGE

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OUT OF THIS WORLD



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Pat Masulli Executive Editor

ALL THOSE EYES



OUT OF THIS WORLD

NOW, Huddled trembly in the shadows, he knew how wrong he had been ...

... WHEN HE
HAD BOASTED
THAT BECAUSE
OF HIS MASKS,
HE WOULD
NEVER BE
FOUND OUT...

I AM A MAN OF A THOUSAND
FACES! NOBODY WILL EVER
BE ABLE TO POINT AN
ACCUSING FINGER AT ME!



ALWAYS WHEN SETTING OUT
TO STEAL A SECRET FOR
HIS SPYMASTER, HE HAD
DONNED A NEW MASK ...

AND HOW HE HAD AL-
WAYS LAUGHED, UPON
READING WITNESSES'
DESCRIPTIONS IN THE
NEWSPAPERS ...

THE SPYMASTER HAD BEEN VERY
PLEASSED WITH HIS WORK ...

THE WATCHMAN
DESCRIBED THE
MAN AS BALD AND
HAVING A SCAR
ON HIS RIGHT
CHEEK.'

YOU SERVE US WELL!
NOT EVEN I KNOW WHAT
YOU REALLY LOOK LIKE.'



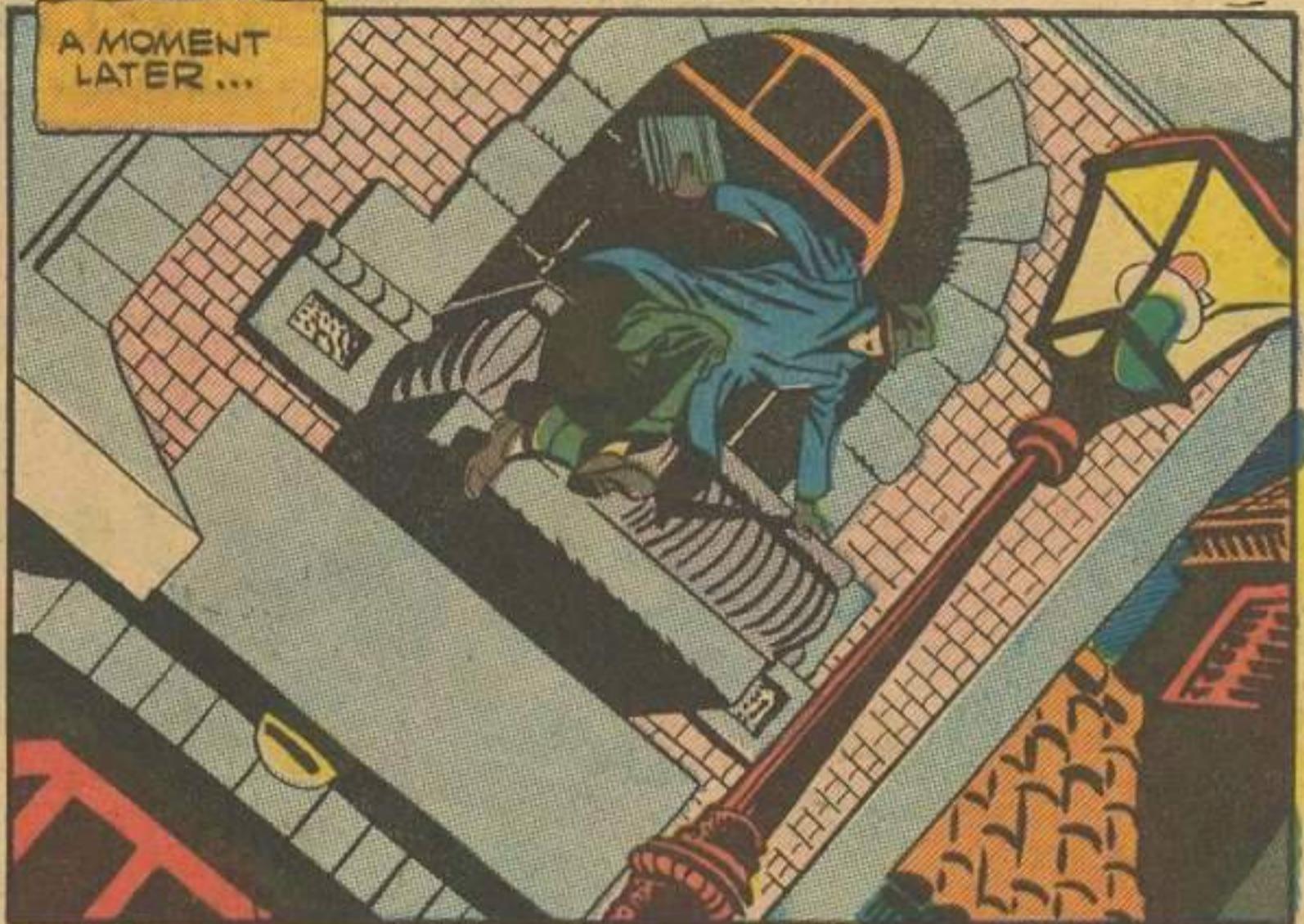
BUT DESPITE ALL HIS
SUCCESS... WHAT SPIES
FEAR MOST IS BEING
FOUND OUT! AND OVER
AND OVER AGAIN HE HAD
DREAMED THOSE TERRI-
BLE DREAMS -- FILLED
WITH THE STARING
EYES...

TONIGHT HE HAD BEEN ON HIS
MOST IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT
TO DATE! MONTHS OF PREPARA-
TION HAD OPENED MANY DOORS
FOR HIM! BUT JUST WHEN HIS
HAND HAD GRASPED THE
PORTFOLIO...



OUT OF THIS WORLD

THE SUDDENNESS OF HIS BLOW HAD TAKEN HIS ASSAILANT BY SURPRISE, BUT HE MADE CERTAIN THAT HIS FACE COULD BE SEEN DURING THE SCUFFLE...



AND THEN IN THE SHADOWS BELOW ...



OUT OF THIS WORLD

The SECRET ROOM

MARY AND JOHN MILLER WERE A SICKLY OLD COUPLE WHOM LIFE HAD PASSED BY! LIKE SO MANY OF US THEY WANTED TO DO SO MANY THINGS, PARTICULARLY TRAVEL AND SEE THE WORLD! BUT THEY NEVER DID! THE YEARS HAD PASSED LIKE THE TIDE EATING AT THE SHORE, AND THEIR LIFE HAD FLOATED AWAY! NOW THEY WERE OLD, YOUTH HAD GONE AND IT WAS TOO LATE! WASN'T THERE SOMEONE WHO SAID... "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE" ... ?

THANK YOU, MR. JENKS!

I SHOULD THANK THEM! BUT I GUESS I SHOULD THANK MY OWN SHREWDNESS FOR STICKING THE OLD COUPLE WITH THIS ROTTING OLD PLACE I COULDN'T GET OFF MY HANDS!

S2541

(SIGH) IT'S NOT MUCH OF A HOUSE FOR US TO SPEND THE REMAINING YEARS OF OUR LIFE IN, MARY DEAR!

NOW DON'T YOU FRET, JOHN! A LITTLE WORK WILL MAKE IT NICE AND HOMEY! IT ISN'T A HOUSE THAT MAKES A HOME, IT'S THE LOVE AND COMPANIONSHIP OF THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN IT, AND WE'VE ALWAYS HAD THAT, DEAR!

WE'VE COME TO THIS... THE SUM OF OUR LIVES, MARY! AND WHEN I THINK OF THE DREAMS WE HAD, THE PLACES WE DREAMED WE'D SEE...

DREAMS ARE FOR THE YOUNG, JOHN! OURS ARE OVER!

Steve
Ditko

OUT OF THIS WORLD

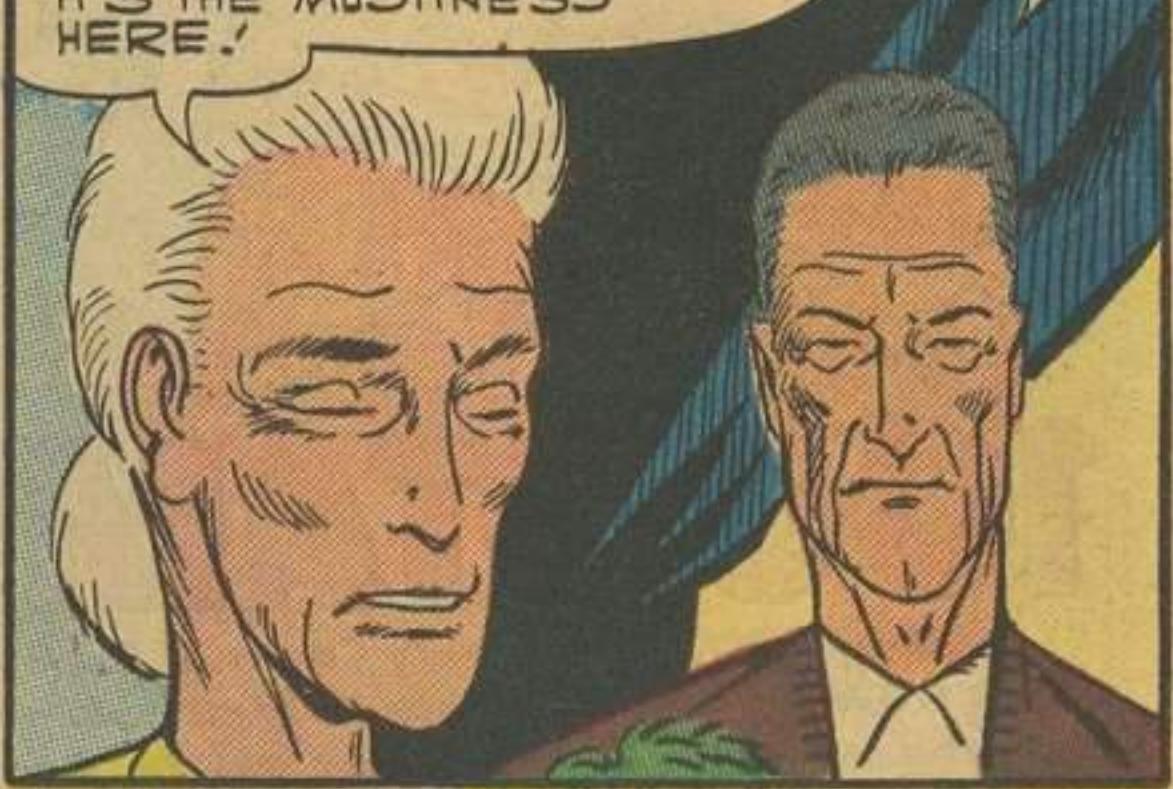
THEY WORKED AS HARD AS THEY COULD
AND SOON THE OLD HOUSE WAS AS NEAT
AS A PIN...

IF WE
COULD ONLY GET RID
OF THE DAMP,
MUSTY SMELL...

THE HOUSE IS OLD,
MARY, LIKE US!
IT'S DECAYING
AND DYING!

JOHN, YOU MUSTN'T SPEAK SO!
I KNOW YOU CONSTANTLY THINK
OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!
SO DO I! BUT WE MUSTN'T
LET THOSE THOUGHTS MAKE
US MORBID! TCH, TCH, LOOK
AT THIS GERANIUM... DEAD!
IT'S THE MUSTINESS
HERE!

GIVE IT
HERE!
I'LL
THROW
IT OUT!



DON'T BOTHER
TONIGHT! IT'S
TOO LATE!

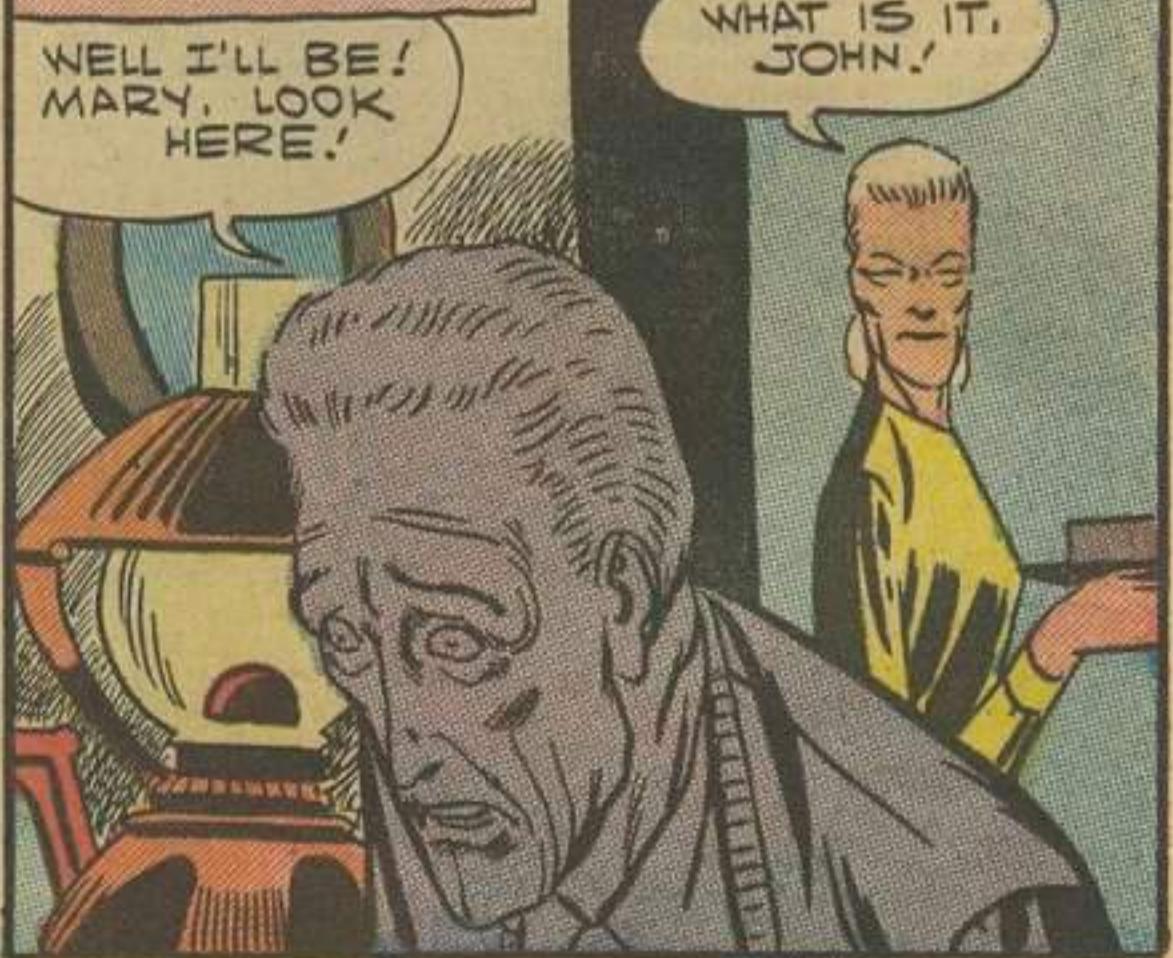
ALL RIGHT, I'LL PUT IT
HERE, NEXT TO THE
STEPS, AND THROW IT
AWAY IN THE MORNING!
I'M TIRED!



IN THE MORNING, AFTER BREAKFAST,
JOHN WENT TO THROW THE DEAD
FLOWERS OUT...

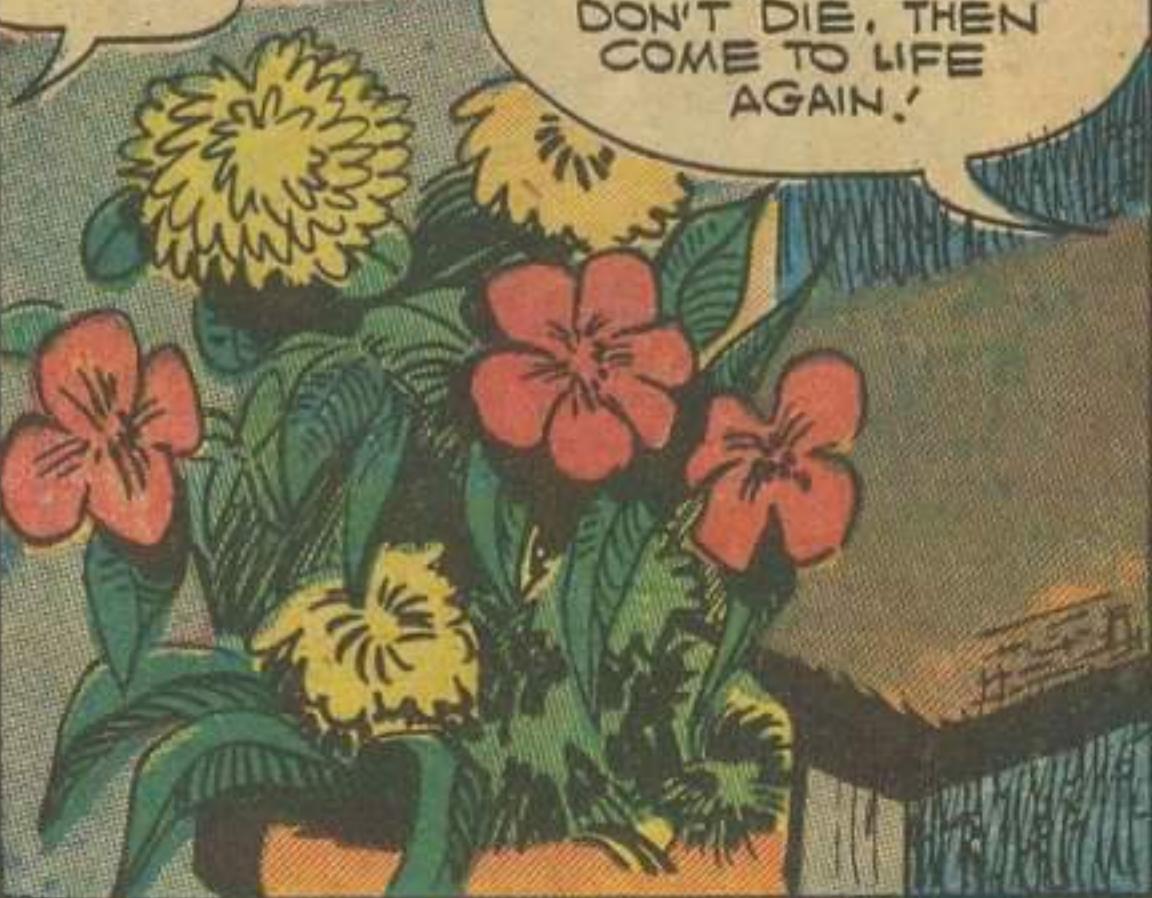
WELL I'LL BE!
MARY, LOOK
HERE!

WHAT IS IT,
JOHN?

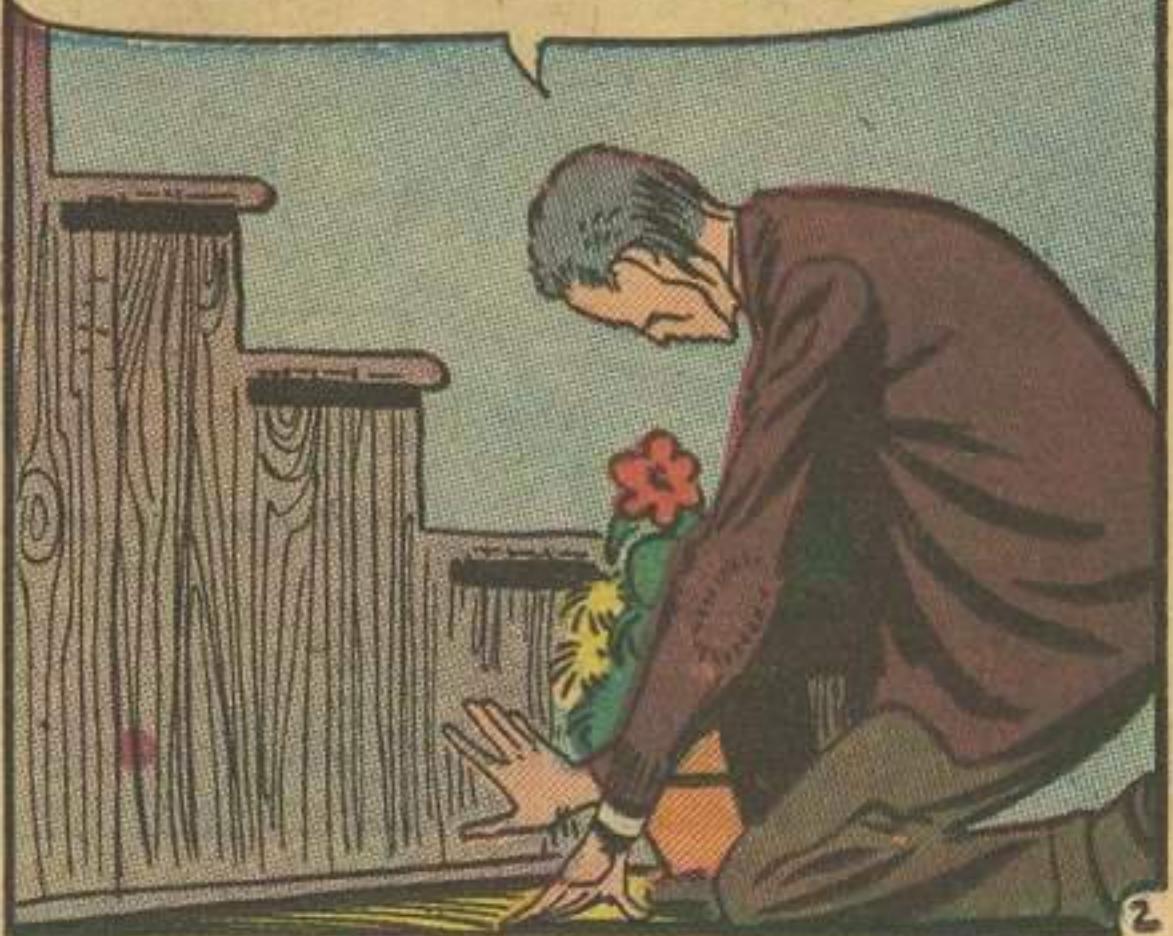


THESE FLOWERS...
THEY WERE DEAD
LAST NIGHT, BUT
LOOK AT THEM
NOW!

THAT'S ODD! THEY'RE
MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN
THEY'VE EVER BEEN!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND
IT! FLOWERS JUST
DON'T DIE, THEN
COME TO LIFE
AGAIN!



THERE'S AIR COMING FROM UNDER THE
STEPS! FRESH AIR... FRESH AND
CLEAN, NOT MOULDY LIKE THE REST
OF THE AIR IN THIS HOUSE!



OUT OF THIS WORLD

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING UNDER THE STEPS, BEYOND THIS PANELLING... A ROOM OR SOMETHING! AND IF THERE IS, THEN IT'S LOGICAL TO SUPPOSE THERE'S A WAY TO GET TO IT...

YOU MEAN A... A HIDDEN DOOR?

THAT'S JUST WHAT I MEAN! LOOK... I PRESSED THE LEFT SIDE OF THE PANELLING AND... A DOOR! AND THERE IS SOMETHING BEYOND... A ROOM OF SOME KIND!

A STRANGE FEELING SWEPT OVER THEM! A KIND OF ECSTASY THAT COMES TO THE YOUNG, NEVER TO THE OLD... A FEELING THAT SEEMED TO EMANATE FROM THE HIDDEN ROOM ITSELF...

JOHN, THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THIS! I... I'M AFRAID!

AT OUR AGE, MY DEAR, WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THERE TO BE AFRAID OF? COME, LET'S PEEK IN!



THE AIR! IT'S SWEET AND GENTLE! IT SMELLS LIKE NEW-GROWN CLOVER!

THERE IS NO WINDOWS, YET THE WHOLE ROOM SEEMS FILLED WITH SUNLIGHT! MARY, LET'S GO INSIDE!

TIMIDLY, CLINGING TO EACH OTHER, LIKE TWO CHILDREN LOST IN THE DARK, THEY HESITANTLY STEPPED OVER THE THRESHOLD INTO THE HIDDEN ROOM...

AND SUDDENLY, A GREAT, HOWLING WIND FROM NOWHERE CAME, PUSHING AT THEM, TEARING AT THEM WITH A MILLION UNSEEN FINGERS... STOPPING THEM AT THE THRESHOLD...